

# Centres of Popularity

There's sweet delight—in the tasting of Ganong's smooth, luscious chocolates. Bite into nougats, fragrant, spicy pineapple or crunchy nut. In Ganong's hand-dipped chocolates there are fourteen different "Centres of Popularity". Square, round, oval, heart-shaped, it's difficult to find a favourite. Each new taste, delectable, entices to another. For over seventy years Ganong's have been famous as "The finest in the Land."

Don't be disappointed in your dealer if Ganong's are hard to get. Suppliers will reach him as fast as we can send them. Ganong's, you'll agree, are worth the waiting.



The finest in the Land GANONG BROS. LIMITED, St. Stephen, N.B.

## Fortune's Apprentice BY Leonard Leslie

Phillips got as far as "Does that mean..." when Diana cut her short with:

"Ask no questions, child, and you will hear no fairy tales." "Child, indeed!" Phillips retorted scornfully. "And I engaged to be married."

"A year younger than myself," Diana remarked. "Engaged with full approval and parental blessing. That is a point that emphasizes my own position even more."

But it was Mrs. Sandley who posed the most questions, when the opportunity came. What had made her daughter decide to return to The Grange when her mother and sister were in town? They could have such a splendid time together. And all Phillips's things had to be chosen.

"I'm longing for fresh air," Diana remarked. "And fields and hedges."

"Very well, Diana, if you have made up your mind, though it is most inconvenient."

"I dare say it is," she replied cryptically, thinking of the anxiety that would be occasioned by the fact that she would be outside her mother's range of vision in John's own countryside.

As she stepped out of the train at the tiny station a sense of peace came upon her. What had made her as though a gentle glow welled up from within. The arrival had been told by telephone that she was coming but, possibly she had refrained from announcing the time of the train.

"Expect me when you see me," she had said. "I am not certain whether it will be afternoon or evening."

There was a reason for this vagueness. At eleven o'clock on Thursday John was in the habit of cycling to Marshall's farm by way of the road that ran past the railway approach—the train she chose was the morning one. She was in at ten minutes to eleven.

"Seems a long while since we saw you, miss," the station master greeted her. "Glad to see you back."

Joe Loftus the old porter who had been there as long as she could remember, touched his cap and beamed.

She stayed talking to them, glancing at her wristlet watch frequently; waste time; her heart beating faster than usual in anticipation.

"Ain't there no car come to fetch you madam?" Loftus asked. "I haven't asked for one. I would much rather walk."

"Aye, it be a fine morning for a walk. Air's like wine."

The white road was dappled with falling shadows, and the leafy interlacing of branches through which the warm sun shone brightly. Rain had fallen overnight, so that the countryside looked as though it had been specially washed for her benefit.

The pungent perfume of damp earth was sweet in her nostrils. Her London's pervading smell of tar and petrol fumes.

JOHN'S REUNION  
John came swinging round the corner on his bicycle as she approached. He was late. He was five minutes late, and she had begun to fear that his habit had been changed.

"Good morning!" she called out. "Disappointed awkwardly saying 'Oh!' as though at a loss for words."

Diana reached out and plucked a fresh bud of hawthorne. "Bread and cheese," the schoolchildren said. "It's fitting it in her mouth she nibbled the bud, savouring the familiar flavour."

"You don't seem very pleased to see me after all this time," she said. "But I am."

All his resolution began to melt at the moment he heard her voice. There had been no promise to avoid such a meeting. On the contrary, he had warned Conrad Sandley that he would accept no such stipulation. Ingenuously, he regarded the encounter as pure accident.

"Phillips told me," she said softly. "Told me everything."

"What did she tell you?" "Must I give you a verbatim account, John?"

"No." "We aren't children. It was heathen of Conrad to give the things he did, or to make you give such a foolish promise."

He inclined his head gravely. "I know," he agreed. "But I am as much to blame as anybody."

"As though we—" Diana said. "As though we—" Diana said. "Then John had difficulty in finding words. Both knew what they wanted to say, but were strangely tongue-tied. Changing the subject hurriedly, as people will when at a loss, they slipped into an easier exchange of questions and answers on each other's activities during the past weeks."

Slowly they approached the entrance to The Manor. The wide gates by the lodge loomed up a short distance in front.

"Goodness," Diana exclaimed. "I am taking you out of your way." "Not at all. I am so glad to see you that—"

"But don't you always go to the Manor's on Thursday morning?" "You have a long memory," he

### MORE FRUIT STAINS IN PRESERVING TIME

With preserving time here again—be sure to end up with a few packages of Kleenex on curtains and table linen. For fresh peach, pear, plum and cherry stains, first sponge the stain well with cool water; then work in a little glycerine, rubbing lightly between the fingers. You can buy a few ounces of glycerine at any drug store. Let stand for several hours, then apply a few drops of vinegar, leave a minute or two, then rinse thoroughly in water. (Glycerine should be used for all fruit stains on wool or silk, colored as well as white.) Other fruit stains can be removed from cot and linen by boiling water. Stretch the stained part over a bowl, fasten with a string, and pour boiling water on it from a height of three or four feet, so

the water strikes the stain with force. If a stain remains, squeeze a little lemon juice on it and place in the sun to dry. Or use a chemical bleach such as Javel water, first testing the material to see that the bleach does not fade it. To remove stains of citrus fruits, such as grapefruit and lemon, it's usually enough to wash the material in warm water and soapy-rich suds. If the acid in the citrus fruits has changed the color of the cloth, restore it by holding the dampened stain over an open bottle of strong ammonia water.

### FARSIGHTED MONARCH

The Egyptian king, Ramses II, was the first to excavate a canal between the Nile Delta and the Red Sea.

## Hard to Get!

Find KLEENEX Tissues hard to get? Don't give up! Your dealer will have some shortly. The Government has standardized Kleenex in a new, War-time Economy Size, so that there will be more tissues to satisfy the growing demand. New size but the same Kleenex quality.

TELL ME ANOTHER AND WIN \$5.00—5475 KLEENEX  
WE PAY \$5.00 FOR EVERY TRUE CONFESSION WE PUBLISH ON KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES. MAIL YOURS TO KLEENEX, DEPT. 43-15, 300 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT.

Blows in the night!

When you reach for KLEENEX tissue during colds, there's no fumbling in the dark! Unlike other brands, Kleenex has that handy box that serves up "just one" double tissue at a time.

NEW WARTIME ECONOMY PACKAGE!  
LASTS HALF AS LONG AGAIN—

50% more tissues in the new War-time Economy Package will serve you half as long again, if you use the same number of applications as formerly. You pay the same low price for 300 tissues (150 pulls) as for the old 200 tissue package (100 pulls). And the new War-time Economy Package makes more Kleenex available for everybody.

## Only one of his kind

Plenty of photographers in France — but only one who works exclusively for an independent Canadian publication! Standard staff man Larry Earl is giving Standard readers an "extra" in picture coverage, obtaining exclusive photos of special interest to Canadians. This week, in The Standard's rotogravure section, his photo-story features the soldiers from five nations who make up Canada's First Army.

# The Standard

This week: The Standard's Magazine tells you how Quebec City stopped prostitution and controlled VD... the rotogravure brings you dramatic photos of the liberation of Paris... a Belgian sailor tells you how he feels about going home again after four years... Standard staff man Craig Ballantyne, just back from an 8,000 mile trip, describes the future of Canada's Northwest... Standard staff men Clark in France, Royston in Italy, bring you exclusive war news, in addition to the informative dispatches from the Chicago Sun Foreign News Service, exclusive to The Standard in Canada.

Because of such "extras" as Larry's exclusive photos, your dealer sells more Standards than any other week-end newspaper. To make sure of your copy—ask him to reserve one every week.

THE FASTEST SELLING WEEKEND NEWSPAPER IN THE MARITIMES.

### For Foot Ailments

CONSULT  
H. J. A. BROWN, D.P.  
Orthopedic  
CHIROPODIST

143 Great George Street  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

### Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

SURE, I KNOW THAT IT'LL HIT AGAINST TH' BUILDIN' AN' WON'T TOUCH HIM—I JES WANT TO GIVE HIM TH' SCARE OF HIS LIFE—HE SAID I WAS A FATHEAD!

WELL, YOU'VE PICKED TH' BEST WAY IN TH' WORLD TO CONVINCE HIM OF IT!

BRINGING UP FATHER

### Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople

EGAD! HERE I AM, A RICH MAN, YET I CANNOT PURCHASE SO MUCH AS A CIGAR!—SPUTT-TT!

MY COUSIN BUMPED HIS CROOK ON THE ROOF OF A PATROL WAGON, AND THE LAST TEN YEARS OF HIS LIFE HE WOULDN'T ANSWER UNLESS YOU CALLED HIM PAUL RENEVE!

I USED TO PLANT MY WAD UNDER RIBS, BUT THE WIFE HAS DEVELOPED AN X-RAY EYE!

BUY WAR BONDS

BUT LOOK AT THE MONEY YOU'RE SAVING!

### TIME TABLE CHANGES

Effective  
Sunday Sept. 24, 1944  
Full Information  
from Agents  
Canadian National

### BOBBY EXPECTS VISITORS

TONIGHT—SONS OF THE TOWN'S UPPER-CRUST!

ONLY HOPE THEY KNOW WHEN TO GO HOME!

THERE'S THE DOOR-BELL—I'M GLAD BOBBY AT LAST HAS SOME REFINED FRIENDS!

IT CAN'T BE—

HI-CORNY! TELL THE CHICK WHERE HE IS—

HOWDY—SHORT HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN SEEN FISHING, IF HE WERE A PRISONER!

### TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwin

POOR JAMES, HIS MEMORY LOST, WANDERING THROUGH THE FOREST—

ALONE, FRIENDLESS—CALLING MY NAME—

I'VE AN HUNGRY, TOO! WE SHOULD HAVE PACKED A LUNCH, SO IF THEY FOUND HIM—

MY LAND! WHAT IF HE'S HELD A PRISONER BY DESPERADOES—AND I SENT CAP AND BILLY ALONG—

DON'T BE FOOLISH, SASS! HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN SEEN FISHING, IF HE WERE A PRISONER!

### FERRY SERVICE

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND — NOVA SCOTIA  
VIA WOOD ISLANDS, P.E.I. — CARIBOU, N.S.

M.V. "PRINCE NOVA"

"The Connecting Link Between These Provinces"  
(DAILY—SUNDAYS INCLUDED) Daylight Saving Time

Starting May 1st in the Nova Scotia—Prince Edward Island Ferry Service will operate three round trips per day.

Will Leave Wood Islands	Will Leave Caribou
7:00 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
11:00 a.m. and 3:00 p.m.	1:00 p.m. and 5:00 p.m.

LUNCHES SERVED  
NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES, LIMITED  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER SCHEDULE WILL BE ANNOUNCED LATER.

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